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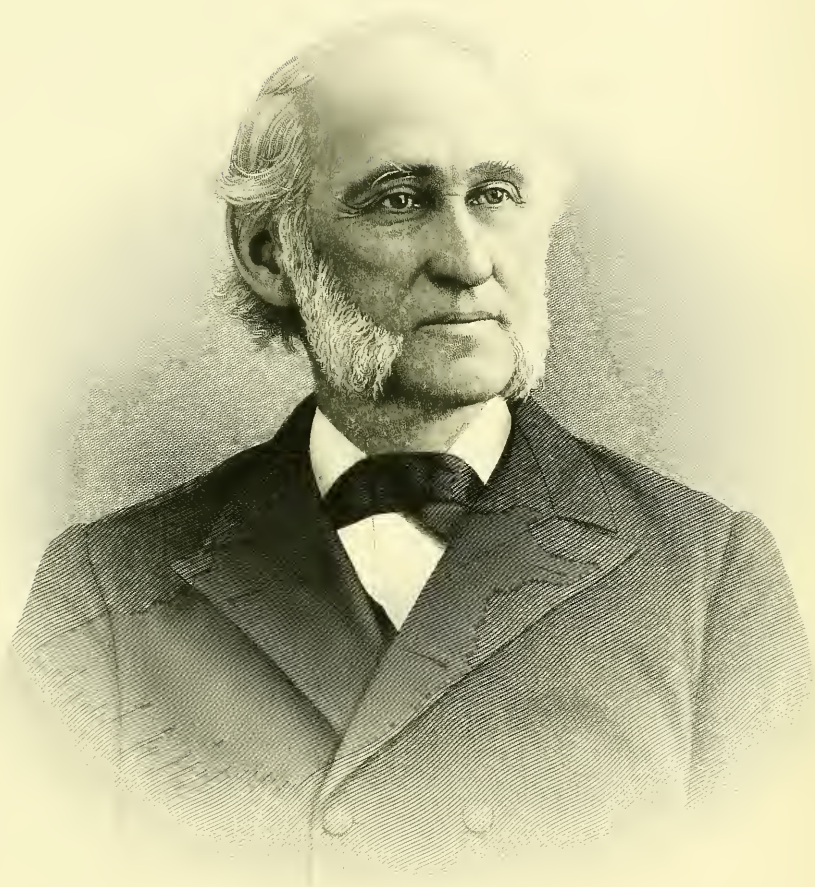
JAMES HOBBS HANSON, LL. D.

A MEMORIAL.









James H. Hanson

JAMES HOBBS HANSON, LL. D.

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THE TRUSTEES OF COLBY UNIVERSITY

IN MEMORY OF

AN HONORED AND BELOVED ASSOCIATE

PORTLAND, ME.  
BROWN THURSTON COMPANY

1894

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THE INTERPRETER.

BY ELLEN HAMLIN BUTLER.

Through the enchanted veil of loving tears  
 I see again the old room, dusk and low —  
 That dear, dim room, which time has ceased to know —  
 Filled with thy presence, crowned with silver years ;  
 O fond revealer, latest of our seers,  
 Wilt thou no more bid Virgil come and go,  
 Or conjure up immortal Cicero ;  
 Or lead us forth 'mid Cæsar's wheeling spears ?  
 But yesterday, I hushed my heart to see  
 Great Brutus — learned to hope with Juliet —  
 Breathed the wild witch-fog closing o'er Macbeth.  
 O master mine, interpret, now for me,  
 The mystic speech whereto thy voice is set,  
 And I will construe life — ay, from thy death !  
— *Portland Transcript.*





## JAMES HOBBS HANSON.

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BORN JUNE 26, 1816. DIED APRIL 21, 1894.

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BY W. H. SPENCER, D. D.

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[From a Memorial Discourse.]

JAMES HOBBS HANSON was born in China, Maine, in the early summer of the year 1816, which was known in this latitude as the year without a summer—a summer in which frost and ice were common in every month. It might seem that the rigor of such a season imparted an unwonted toughness to the fiber of this particular babe. But rather, it was the out-of-door life and wholesome exercise of a farmer's boy that knit the frame which was to support and nourish the brain, that might work without pain, almost without rest, for nearly threescore years.

It was before he left the farm that he experienced that greatest of all changes in the career of a human soul, that allies it with unseen and eternal forces and gives it a new upward impulse toward God and holiness. He was converted under the ministry of Daniel Bartlett, then pastor of the Baptist church in China, and was baptized by him in China pond, March 26, 1835, the ice being cut for the purpose. We recognize something of the resolute spirit of the man, in the fact that he went forward and received the ordinance without the knowledge of the other members of the family, and walked home in his dripping garments a mile from the scene of his baptism.

The death of his father when he was about seventeen years of age brought a heavy burden of responsibility upon his mother, but she was worthy of the honor of training such a

son. An incident of his boyhood is well worth telling here. Some of you may not believe it, but it is true that Dr. Hanson, when he was a youth, wanted a pair of skates very much and cherished a strong determination to have them. But his mother, fearing some fatal accident, was unwilling that he should try the treacherous ice, and in dissuading him from his purpose wisely tried "the expulsive power of a new and higher affection." In place of the coveted skates she promised him the money necessary to pay for his membership in the country singing school which was to be held during that winter, and although young James had never been suspected of possessing the slightest aptitude for music, nor had ever been known even to whistle a tune, this alternative took his fancy. He took up vocal music, as he afterwards took up Latin and Greek, to master the art, and the result was that he became an acknowledged leader in vocal music, both as a singing school teacher and chorister in this church for several years.

Dr. Hanson's career as a teacher began in 1835, in his twentieth year, in a little town in Penobscot county. After that he taught two terms on the island of Vinalhaven in a country school. His next venture was in a village school in Searsmont, where he summoned courage to try the part of a singing master, succeeding so well that he was induced to open a second school in another part of the town. This work brought him a better compensation than that of the day schools, and during the next winter he carried on three singing schools.

Thus he paid his way through the academy in China, which was then a school of considerable reputation, and also through Waterville College, where he was graduated with the class of 1842.

Then came one of the turns in his life which we can only account for through the work of an overruling Providence. After his graduation he taught three terms in the town of

Hampden, tried to secure the position of principal of the Hampden Academy and failed, and was obliged to return to his old home on the farm in China. How different might have been his career if he had succeeded in his first attempt to fix his lifework in Hampden !

At this time the Waterville Academy, which had been running down for several years, needed a strong and steady hand at the helm, and Mr. Hanson was induced to come over here and take the school in hand, little thinking that here he was to find the real work of his life. The school opened with five pupils and gave but little hope of much enlargement during the first year, but after that came more pupils and better support and the success of the Academy became an assured thing. Mr. Hanson was now fairly embarked on his destined career.

It is not my purpose to trace his course as a teacher, but rather to draw lessons from his life and character as a Christian. It is enough to say here concerning the nearly fifty-one years that have passed since he became the head of what was long known as Dr. Hanson's school, that he spent the first eleven years in this place, the number of pupils increasing at one time to three hundred and eight. Then, worn with his arduous service, with no backing by the trustees of the Academy, he listened to the overtures of the Eastport High School in 1854, where he remained three years. From there he removed to Portland and became the principal of the Boys' High School, which he brought up from a state of lax discipline to excellent efficiency. After eight years spent in Portland, the last two in charge of a private school, he returned to Waterville in 1865, at the urgent solicitation of President Champlin, to resume the care of the Academy, which he kept on his heart and mind up to the evening of the 16th inst., less than five days before he yielded up his heroic spirit. This work of building up the Institute was the great work of his life, and when he was compelled to lay it down

it was a sign that the end of life was near at hand. It was noticed that after he had finally turned over his classes to the substitute teachers, he showed no more care for the school. His long work was done, and he knew it. He had used the last remnant of strength in the service of his pupils. He had gone over to the school building on the first day of the new term with the hope of carrying the school through the last term of the year, but his voice, once so strong, was faint and inarticulate, his throat was dry and sore, his physical endurance had found its limit. His will was still good, but the body which had served it so long without question was exhausted. It seemed hard for him to understand that he could not goad himself to further exertions.

There was one word that filled up the conception of life for Dr. Hanson, and that word was duty. Not that he disliked pleasure, or that he was devoid of the play of sentiment, or that he hated leisure. Those who have not known him have misjudged him in these respects. But there was always much work to do, such grave interests pending, that the claims of leisure, the charms of sentiment had to wait. He was not an enemy to holidays *per se*, but holidays sometimes came around too often for the amount of work that had to be done. It was duty before pleasure with him, and the habit of a lifetime brought him his pleasure in duty.

He had also a passion for thoroughness and exactness in the performance of duty that was almost fierce at times, and anything like carelessness or neglect would kindle the fire in his eye and awaken the slumbering thunders of his voice; but I noted with surprise more than once the kindly judgment given and the tender interest felt in certain ones who had been almost crushed by his rebukes. After all, though he was exacting and sometimes seemed overbearing in his requirements, he was really considerate and fair in his judgments and treatment of everyone, and everyone came at last to know it.

“I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.” It seemed as if our dear friend and brother were goaded on by some thought like this. To fill up every day and every hour with the one work of his life, to carry on the Institute with the very last breath of vitality that he could command was what he seemed to live for. We dreaded for him a protracted season of helpless idleness. For him to live was to work. The day of his life was given for work, and when the time came that he could work no more, then night speedily came. He retreated to an inner room, closed the shutters, put out the fire and laid him down upon his couch to rest. There was nothing more to live for, and he fell asleep to awake in righteousness and to serve his God in a service which shall be rest forevermore.



# FUNERAL ADDRESSES.





## ADDRESS

BY

REV. A. L. LANE.

It is appropriate that the Institute should have voice in these exercises, since it was to the Institute that Dr. Hanson gave the full measure of devotion and sacrifice. I am to speak for the school and partly to the school. Dr. Hanson needs no words of eulogy from any lips. The simple story of his life is its best eulogy. For many years during its earlier history the school rested upon the shoulders of Dr. Hanson, more fully than upon any other human support. At one of our state conventions, when the question of an endowment was raised, Dr. Ricker, after saying that the school was without endowment, said: "Did I say that the Institute has no endowment? I am wrong. Dr. Hanson is its endowment. But Dr. Hanson will not live forever, and we must take care that he be not crushed by too heavy a burden." Later, when the Institute was partially endowed and equipped with a new building, it was still the strength of his heart and of his mind, it was still the force of his indomitable will and the persistency of his labor, that contributed most largely to the life and energy of the school. Of the many qualities which gave him his power and influence, that which lies upon the surface, most marked perhaps of any, was his immense capacity for work. He had a genius for work. In season and out of season, in school hours and out of school hours, he was always ready to give to any student the full measure of his helpfulness. In the earlier history of the school, his hours of recitation were far beyond those usually given to such work; and even later, the time spent in assisting students to catch up with regular classes, or to make up work

which they had lost by absence, was an amount of which few persons would have any conception.

At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the school, ex-Governor Dingley gave an illustration in his own experience of this readiness to do extra work. By mistake, he came to Waterville one week before the commencement of the term. Upon calling upon Dr. Hanson, he was told that that need make no difference ; he might commence his work at once ; and he did so.

In addition to his own power of work, he had the faculty of arousing a like spirit in his students. They caught from him something of his earnestness. Probably no man ever got so much work out of a body of students in the same time, as Dr. Hanson ; and if the amount of education received is to be measured by the amount of activity on the part of the student, as it is, then he was pre-eminently a successful teacher. As one of the students who had taken a part of his course elsewhere said : " We have learned that a year in any other school is a very poor substitute for a year in the Institute."

Dr. Hanson by the force of his example taught habits of painstaking study. To the very last he was himself a constant student, and by this means inspired those whom he instructed with something of the same zeal. The picture which comes most clearly to my mind as I think of him is of his taking his coat and crutch and books, and with bowed form and feeble steps leaving his room at the close of the school. He was not willing, he said, that any question should come up in the class-room which he was not ready to meet, and out of constant study of the subjects taught, he was able to teach as from a perennial spring.

But it was in his moral and Christian influence upon the school that a part of his work lay of which he was specially solicitous. It was his constant desire that his students should not only be all that was thorough and solid in educa-

tion, but all that was true and noble in character. And to secure this, he spared no effort of thought or word. For many years, he led one of the two weekly prayer-meetings, and for these services he made most careful preparation, sometimes with written notes, always with most careful analysis of what he wished to say. The influence of these counsels was far-reaching and will be long continued. He was very happy in his expositions of scripture truth. His regard for the word of God was a prominent feature in his character, and in every way possible he sought to lead others to honor and reverence it. His prayers with and for the school were marked by great variety of language and strength of expression. He had a great sense of the holiness of God, and of the purity of heart and life which he requires. While his prayers were remarkably free from set phrases and repetitions, this feeling found expression in the favorite title which he used, "Holy Father." God was to him a father and a friend, but one who required holiness of heart in those who would worship him acceptably.

The public schools of this city owe to Dr. Hanson a debt that is continually increasing. For many years the High School and Institute were united in one, and since they have been separated every high school principal and many of the other teachers have been graduates of the Institute, so that the influence of Dr. Hanson's scholarship and character are widely felt in the schools of the city.

It is impossible to estimate his influence either in amount or in duration. Thousands of pupils have come under his touch and have taken more or less of shape in response to his influence. And now that the direct labor is ended and the voice silent, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." He still lives in all who have come into sympathy with his spirit. He will live in all who shall receive like inspiration from those who have been his pupils. A thousand years hence the world will be the better because Dr. Hanson has lived in it.

To the very last his heart was with the school. It was his wish that the close of his work in the school and of his life might come near together, and it was fitting that with less than a week's absence from school work his life should close. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

We shall all, pupils and friends, best honor the memory of Dr. Hanson by embodying in our lives the same principles of fidelity and earnestness which in his life found such full expression. As he clung with special tenderness of affection to the members of the present Senior classes, it is for them to show themselves still worthy of this high regard.

## ADDRESS

BY

PRESIDENT B. L. WHITMAN.

BLESSED is the man whose eulogy is the truth. Those who knew our dead teacher best know that the simple truth is his best praise. All cannot be told. Even those who year after year have worked under him, and with him, feel that there is much that will not allow itself to be put into words. An untiring student, a great teacher, a consecrated Christian, a faithful friend—the finest meaning of all these words can only be hinted at. There is something sanctifying about a life and death like this. Years of service such as fall to the lot of few men was his and they have been crowned by reward such as few men have earned.

Dr. Hanson made for himself an honorable place in the educational history of Maine. Larger money returns were offered him elsewhere. Not once or twice but many times positions of influence coveted his gifts. He had given Maine his head and his heart, and for half a century the best he could do and be was freely given in her service. The work by which he is best known was that of the principalship of Waterville Academy, now Coburn Classical Institute. Romance and pathos mingle in the history of that work. Poor in all but its teachers, the institution struggled through years of patient, persistent, hopeful toil. Morning as well as midnight oil was burned by its principal. For years the only limit placed upon working hours was the limit compelled by physical limitation. Fifteen, eighteen, twenty hours out of twenty-four was the proportion of working time for those years. Only a giant could stand such a strain. Dr. Hanson was not over great physically, but he was a giant inside.

He stood the strain. The dark days gave way to brighter. Money came making the problem of school support simpler. The faculty was enlarged. Some burdens were lifted. But to the end Dr. Hanson held on working more hours than most younger men would have found possible, meeting his classes in his own study when too weak to meet them in the classroom, in his chamber when too weak for that. He wanted to die in the harness. There is something striking in the literalness with which his wish was granted. In the schoolroom Monday, called home Friday, only three days separated discharge of office and departure. It is a wonderful record. Small wonder that the Institute has been popularly known as Dr. Hanson's school!

In some sense the product of that work is greater than it would have been if less concentrated locally. The worker was known and loved. It was beautiful to see the respect with which he was always greeted in educational circles. Twice at least within two years the greeting was an ovation. Taking a half-century together, no other man has wrought so great influence in the educational affairs of the state. Others came and went. Dr. Hanson remained, the very length of service presently becoming a potent factor. His pupils are numbered by thousands. With the possible exception of Dr. Torsey at Kent's Hill, no man in the state has touched so many lives in the fellowship of school work as he. A sense of personal loss is awakened in those thousands at the announcement of his death.

Beyond the circle of pupils is another of students of his books. He was the teacher of many who never saw him. The feeling of these is well illustrated by a man, now a specialist in philosophy, who came to Waterville a year and a half ago. He had an appointment at a certain hour. He explained his arrival by a train earlier than the one on which he was expected by his desire to see the place where Dr. Hanson taught. He had taken advantage of that hour to



walk about the Institute, glad to see even the building in which the master had wrought so well. When later he met Dr. Hanson in personal interview, his manner was that of one who consulted an oracle. It was living contact with one who had been his teacher in books.

It is fitting that Colby should send sorrowful greeting at this time. For twenty-five years the Institute under Dr. Hanson furnished the college with half its students. At the present time it furnishes from a quarter to a third. But it was with something better than numbers that Dr. Hanson served the college. His pupils came well-fitted. His intolerance of intellectual shams and shabbiness demanded thoroughness in student work. At times the Institute type has been a clearly marked element in college life. He believed in the system wisely developed in recent years, which has given a strong central institution resting upon a foundation of its own fitting schools. He stood close to the college faculty and was a constant inspiration to them. One has only to recount the names and deeds of the great teachers in the college for half a century, to feel that Dr. Hanson belongs with them, whatever the name and sphere of his teaching. For fifty years he has stood for what is best in education, for sound scholarship, for spiritual integrity, for manliness. What he himself was he sought to make others. He wrought faithfully and God has called him into rest.

## ADDRESS

BY

REV. G. D. B. PEPPER, D. D.

I am asked to speak as a friend of Dr. Hanson, simply as a friend. The others who address you to-day are also and equally his friends, but they represent special interests as related to him, the church, the Institute, the College. It is fitting that on this occasion friendship, sole and simple, should have a voice and be heard. For, my friends, while Dr. Hanson was an eminent educator and a clear, strong, steady light in the church, he was also always, everywhere, in all things and toward everybody not only friendly, but friendship itself. This friendship which he was, gave tone to everything that he did, created an atmosphere about him which it was good to breathe.

This spirit characterized preëminently his teaching and all his work as instructor and educator. For the time being this did not always seem to his pupils quite clear. He was exact and exacting, exacted exactness in them. He had a sharp eye, a microscopic precision of vision. He saw, they must see. He must make them see. That was his business. Their business was to try to see. He was faithful, laborious, painstaking. They ought to be; they must be. Was a boy lazy, careless, blundering, needlessly blundering? He must be spurred. Possibly there was a lightning flash and a thunder crash at the time, that did not feel like friendship. It made the boy growl. The rest perhaps joined in the growl for the time. But every class that ever came under Dr. Hanson knew that no truer friend could be found even to the lazy and bad boy, than just that same severe teacher. Out of school, in school, days, nights, sick or well, he would work for them ;



take separately those needing it and help them on ; use himself up for them. His friendship for them was individual, personal. He carried them one by one in his heart. Like the Good Shepherd he called his flock by name. I say the classes were all taught and dealt with in this unselfish spirit of friendship and in their hearts knew it, even while under instruction and subjected to discipline not always and in all respects welcome. But after they had gone from the school, and as the years passed by and memory kept the school life before them, the grateful sense of the teacher's wise and self-sacrificing friendship grew ever deeper and deeper. There are hundreds, thousands of men and women all over this world who, on hearing of the death of Dr. Hanson did or will, recall their student years with him and feel that even more than for his superb instruction are they indebted to him for his sincere friendship and its constant, unobtrusive, efficient expression. It is their custom to think and speak of him with pride as their teacher, but yet with more of humble, thankful pride as their friend. Who of us has not heard them thus speak, sometimes decades of years after their graduation? Would that some one of their number were standing here now, to bear this testimony for himself and the rest out of a full heart.

Was he a friend to his pupils? Not less truly also to others. We know how he loved this church, how he worked with it and for it, gave for it and to it. It was on his heart, in his heart, nay, not only was but is. Be sure that he has taken it with him. He could not have gone without it. But to him the church was not a mere organization, impersonal, a machine. It was its members, was and is, we, the brethren and sisters in the Lord, loved and beloved. To see us, hear us, meet with us, work with us, think of us, was to him a joy. He did not say much about it, made no parade of his love. To do that was not in him. Besides it was needless. He was what he seemed and seemed what he was. His eye,

his countenance, his bearing, his presence, his whole personality as year by year we witnessed and lived under its influence, these were the sufficient evidence of his friendly care for his immediate associates. It was not that he did not see in us defects, that he did not discriminate accurately between man and man, and weigh us in truthful balances. But in church as in school, no evil in another awakened malice in him. He was the friend of us all. We knew it. It made us all friends to him.

I said that Dr. Hanson was friendship itself. Being this, he could not limit his friendly cares to persons in whom he was specially interested through professional relationship. He was the friend of all. All who knew him felt this and gave back to him in some degree a friendly regard and response. He was against that which harmed the people, was ready by word and deed and money to fight it. Absorbed mainly in school life and church work, he yet had an open eye on men, events and interests outside, in the city, the state, the nation and the world. He gave himself chiefly to his own work, knowing that thus he could do most for all other right and righteous work. But I remember well how zealous and whole-hearted he was some years ago in aiding an attempt to choke the rum dragon in this city. His love of the people was hatred of that which harmed them.

We all who are here to-day are here as friends of Dr. Hanson. The inmost circle is his own family; around them, and also with them his pupils, thousands, widely scattered, but all here at this hour; his brethren and sisters in Christ, of this church, of all churches, of the church universal; his fellow citizens of this city, and the multitude elsewhere who have known him and known of him, all are in spirit here as friends. If anywhere there is an unfriendly spirit, it must be an unfriendliness not toward the real, but toward an imagined Dr. Hanson.

Was that which has given him this place in so many hearts simply his friendship? This and its natural expression no doubt immediately. Love is the only magnet which will attract and hold love. Heart draws to itself hearts. But the stream of love which is purest, sweetest and eternal has its spring in the rock of right and righteous character. And so, too, the man, who for scores of years awakens in those who know, and most in those who best know him, true friendship, must have something besides mere genial good nature. He must have the solid rock of character, virtues which combine in the strength and beauty of true manliness.

Dr. Hanson was a man of truth. With him to know the truth was almost a passion. To his eyes truth had a beauty all its own. He loved it for its own sake, as also for its uses. Loving it, he pursued it; pursuing it, he found it. It was not enough to be about right; he must be just right. He could not be content in the fog or the twilight. There must be sunlight; this even in ordinary matters; this strikingly in his classroom studies; this supremely in spiritual things.

Loving the truth so as to pursue or find it, he was truthful also in expression, veracious, trustworthy in speaking, in writing, in acting, in all conduct; no shifting sand in him, no double dealing, no fair words covering foul purpose, no exaggeration to win applause.

He was a just, a righteous man. He would not take or keep from any man that which was his due—never knowingly. Labor, money, whatsoever was yours, he would leave to you. He coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel.

He was as benevolent as he was fair and honest. He could say truthfully to men "I seek not yours, but you." He could even say "I seek not even mine own save that I may best serve others." His benevolence was not that of impulse, a natural generosity, but of principle—to make of himself the best possible and the most of the best for God and his fellowmen.

In all his thoughts was God as the supreme law of his life. His tireless, persistent, heroic devotion to his work, in strength and not less in weakness and pain clear up to the end, was not mere natural Roman heroism — it was that and more and better — devotion to the will of God. He never thought that he was doing more than his duty, and this duty was not by compulsion, subjection to a will over him, but the free, glad realization of the will of God ruling within him. This gave him the inward peace that made serene and beautiful his face, the uncomplaining patience in weakness, pain and toil that were to us all so attractive in his last days.

Whoever knew Dr. Hanson respected him, not alone for his intellectual ability and attainments, but for his moral and spiritual worth and work. We honor him as a man of honor. We love him for that loveliness whose root was Christian principle, whose foundation was solid character and whose radiance is that of the fixed stars which shine forever and ever in the firmament of our God.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.



## TRIBUTE OF THE TRUSTEES.

[Rev. C. V. Hanson, D. D., for the committee appointed at the annual meeting to prepare a minute in reference to JAMES HOBBS HANSON, LL. D., presented the following which was unanimously adopted.]

JAMES HOBBS HANSON, LL. D., fell asleep on April 21, last, after an absence of only five days from the school and the tasks which had long been his joy and delight. Though in feeble health in recent years, he had held himself to a strict performance of the duties which had engaged him so earnestly for more than half a century. A graduate of the class of 1842, he entered at once upon the work of teaching in which he achieved a national reputation. Forty of the fifty-one years of his professional life were spent in two periods of service as the principal of Waterville Academy and the Coburn Classical Institute. These years were eventful both to himself and the College. Eager students gathered around him. They felt the influence of his patient, persistent, honest work, and recognized in him a master indeed. The years broadened his acquirements, and enlarged his experience, and so enriched the life and work of the school. The College became largely dependent upon him for its supply of students, and found in the school of which he had charge its most important feeder; indeed for some years it might be truthfully said that he was the College. He gave men, when men were the only gifts that the College could number. In the darkest days of its history Colby turned to him more than to any other source for the material which would warrant the continuance of its work. For quite a period tributary and stream were nearly identical.

He became a trustee in 1862, and served until death released him from the duties which had been cheerfully and faithfully performed and which had brought a large measure of good

to his Alma Mater. He was constant in his attendance upon the meetings of the Board and was a faithful custodian of the trust which had been committed to him. The weight of his character and the extent of his acquirements made him for a long period the most eminent as well as the most widely known teacher in the preparatory schools of the state. His text books in Latin prose and poetry evinced scholarship of the highest order and made him an authority in the best fitting schools of the land. His genius for work was amazing and his endurance in the performance of that work was well nigh marvelous. By his death the College loses one of its most distinguished sons, and the Board one of its most honored members.



## TRIBUTE OF THE ALUMNI.

[Prepared by Rev. C. V. Hanson, D. D., necrologist of the Alumni Association of Colby University, and presented at the meeting of the Association, June 26, 1894.]

JAMES HOBBS HANSON, LL. D. This distinguished educator died in Waterville, Me., of Bright's disease of the kidneys, April 21, 1894, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was the son of James and Deborah (Clarke) Hanson, and was born in China, Me., June 26, 1816. He was fitted for college in the common schools and well-known academy in his native town. After his graduation from the academy he spent a few years as a teacher. In 1838, at the age of twenty-two, he entered college and was graduated the second in his class in scholarship. The traits which characterized him in later years as a teacher, were conspicuous in his college life and work. He was thorough, painstaking and honest in all he did. Straitened circumstances enforced great frugality. He came to his life work at graduation mature in years and experience, and thoroughly equipped for that laborious career which has given enduring fame to his work and name. He remained at home after graduation for a short time, and in 1843 became principal of Waterville Academy, now Coburn Classical Institute, and remained in this position in two periods of service for forty years.

In 1854 he became principal of the High School in Eastport, and remained there three years. In 1857 he became principal of the Boys' High School in Portland, and did faithful service in that important school for six years. He taught a successful private school in Portland for two years, and in 1865, at the urgent request of the trustees of Colby University, returned to the headship of the Academy in Waterville, which he retained until death brought release

from his long and self-denying work. While in Portland, in 1861, he published his Preparatory Latin Prose Book, which soon found a place in the leading fitting schools in the land. Four years later came his Handbook of Latin Poetry, which added to his reputation as a classical scholar. But his name and fame are indissolubly linked with Coburn Classical Institute. He became its head when only five pupils gathered around him. He left it housed in one of the best buildings in the state, and with an enviable reputation among the preparatory schools in New England.

The endowment received from Governor Abner Coburn, in 1874, was secured largely through his influence. The College for many years was indebted to him for the most of the students within its halls. Others gave money, he gave men. No one ever did more for Colby than he. He became a trustee in 1862 and remained in office until his death. The College in recognition of his eminent services and high scholarship, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1872. And so College and Institute shared in his wise and faithful labors. Many years must elapse before any one can arise who shall rival the measure of good which Dr. Hanson wrought out so patiently through the years for his Alma Mater. The College never had a more loyal son. Her interests were dearer to him than his own. He returned to his position in Waterville in 1865, when the College was in the greatest crisis in its history. Men and means were wanting. Dr. Hanson supplied the first, Gardner Colby, Abner Coburn, and others the second. The return of Dr. Hanson and the gifts of these generous patrons, make a coincidence which should not be overlooked by those who seek the causes of the present prosperity of the College.

The unwearied devotion of Dr. Hanson to his beloved school, did not, however, narrow him in his social and civic relations. He was a man among men, kindly and helpful ever. He was the good citizen, and recognized his obliga-

tions to his town and state. He was also a man of high Christian character, and sought to make the school religious in its spirit and aim. And when the end came he calmly fell asleep in the faith which he had so long professed. Dr. Hanson was twice married. His first wife was Sarah Boardman Marston, to whom he was united in marriage in 1845. She died in 1853. He was next married to Mary E. Field, of Sidney, Sept. 16, 1854. There were three children by this marriage. The oldest, Florence P., died in Portland, at the early age of nineteen months. The second, Mrs. Sophia May Pierce, resides in Waterville, and was graduated from Colby in 1881. The third, Frank Herbert Hanson, principal of the Washington School, Newark, N. J., was graduated from Colby in 1883. His widow, who survives him, was for many years the principal of the primary department in the Institute.

## THE TEACHER.

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BY ALICE L. COLE.

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For more than half a century he wrought  
With reverent hands, and then his Master said  
“Too long, O faithful servant, is delayed  
Thy well earned rest.” Year after year he taught,  
To youthful generations, lessons fraught  
With knowledge that is wisdom, undismayed.  
While others slept, he toiled and watched and prayed.  
O Teacher! thou from whom we never sought  
A meaning but to find it, now, in vain  
Do we, thy pupils, silently beseech  
Those lips, from which we long to hear again  
The dear familiar cadence of thy speech,  
To solve this mystery—to render plain  
The lesson Death has placed within thy reach.

— *Waterville Mail.*



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